

Smith American Telegraph.

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AMERICAN TELEGRAPH.

PUBLISHED EVERY AFTERNOON.
(EXCEPT SUNDAY.)
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At Ten Cents a Week, or
TWO CENTS A SINGLE COPY.

T. C. CONNOLLY, Publisher.

To subscribers served by the carriers, the paper will be furnished regularly for ten cents per week, payable weekly. For those who do not receive the paper by carrier, it will be sent by mail, for six months, \$1.25 for three months, 50 cents a month. No paper mailed unless paid for in advance, and discontinued when the term paid for expires.

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The regulars can be obtained of the Principal, or at H. Farnham's Bookstore. [Nov 26—dtf]

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Terms of board and tuition moderate.

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Oct 30—dtf

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Under the care of Rev. Alfred Holmead, Rector, and Mr. Charles Tucker, A. M.

THE DUTIES of this Institution will be resumed on the 15th of August, in the lower Saloon of Mr. Carver's building.
In English, Mathematics, Greek, Latin, and French, the course will be full and thorough. Pupils fitted for the Commercial College.
The experience of fifteen years, in the management of boys, induces the confident belief that the satisfaction expressed by their numerous former patrons, both in Maryland and Virginia, will be shared by the Latin, Greek, and French scholars, and that the education of their sons to their pleasure.

For terms and further information apply to the Rector, the Rev. Alfred Holmead, at his residence on 9th, between E and F streets. [Jy 29—dtf]

JAMES W. SHEAHAN,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Practises in the Courts of the District, and prosecutes claims of every description before the several Executive Departments and before Congress.

His Office is at residence 21st street, 1st door north of H.
ap 11—dtf

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May 17—ly

C. H. VAN PATTEN, M. D.,
Surgeon Dentist,
Office near Brown Hotel, Pennsylvania Avenue,
Charges New York and Philadelphia prices, and guarantees his work to be equal to any done in those cities.

JOSEPH WIMSATT,
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Attorney at Law,
Will practice in the several courts of the District of Columbia.
Office on 4½ street, near First Presbyterian Church.
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MARBLE AND FREE-STONE CUTTER,
Residing between 12th and 14th, Washington City, D. C.
MARBLE MANTLES, Monuments, Tombs, Head and Foot Stones, &c., constantly on hand, of the best quality and workmanship. All kinds of Stone, for Building, &c. All kinds of work in his line faithfully executed at the shortest notice.
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W. M. INGRAM, Cabinet-maker, Carpenter, and Printer. Furniture-maker, can be found by inquiring at NOBLE & BOYD'S Venetian Blind Manufactory, Pennsylvania Avenue, between 9th and 10th streets, south side. [Jy 31—dtf]

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL BOOKS, and all those used in the private academies and institutions in the District of Columbia and adjacent country.
For sale, at New York prices, by
TAYLOR & MAURY,
Bookellers, near 9th street.

TAYLOR & MAURY, Bookellers and Stationers, Pennsylvania Avenue, near 9th street, have constantly on hand a full assortment of BLANK BOOKS, SCHOOL BOOKS, PENS, INK, and PAPERS, of every variety, for sale at New York prices.

EPISCOPAL Prayer-books,
Catholic Prayer-books,
Methodist Hymn-books,
Unitarian Hymn-books,
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Baptist Hymn-books, in every variety.
For sale at the published price, by
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June 28—dtf Bookellers, near 9th street.

AMERICAN TELEGRAPH.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
AMERICAN TELEGRAPH,
A Newspaper published daily and weekly at Washington City.

At no period since the formation of our Government has the service of an enlightened, impartial, and independent press at the seat of Government been more required than now. The near approach of the Presidential election, the influence which it must have on our future destiny, the combinations formed to govern the public choice and the issues which the political organizations will present, should be fully discussed and understood. In this discussion the sectional interest of the South should be fairly and ably represented.

Designing men have labored successfully to create the belief that all who do not approve the measures called a Compromise are disunionists; and we think it is greatly to be regretted that the tone, temper, and substance of the discussions in the press and in Congress give countenance to that belief. Now, we do not concur with Mr. Foote or Mr. Rhett; on the contrary, whilst we know that there is a large and influential and increasing party in the North who desire to abolish slavery in the South, we believe that the necessary consequence of the conflict for power between the organized parties in the North will be to create a public sentiment in that section more favorable to the South, if the South will but be true to themselves, and unite in support of those who deserve their confidence and support.

The "Telegraph" will labor to unite and consolidate the South, as the only means of producing harmony and concert between the North and the South. We have our preferences, but as yet we have no choice among the Presidential candidates. We will support the nominee of the Baltimore Convention, if we believe him worthy of our support. We are identified with and will support the State Rights party of the South, and this is the position that we will urge that party to assume.

The "Telegraph" is now published daily at five dollars per annum, and we propose to issue a weekly at two dollars per annum, as soon as subscribers sufficient to justify its publication are obtained. We venture to ask the State Rights Associations, and the Republican party throughout the country, to aid us in obtaining subscribers, as it is our purpose to make the paper worthy of their support.

Letters should be addressed to
THOMAS C. CONNOLLY,
Publisher, Washington City.

Angel Charlie.
BY MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON.

He came—a beautiful vision—
Then vanished from my sight,
His cherub wing scarce cleaving
The blackness of my night;
My glad eye caught his rustle—
Then swooping by his stole
The dew-drop that his coming
Had cherished in my soul.

O, he had been my solace
When grief my spirit eysayed,
And on his fragile being
Had tender hopes been stayed;
Where thought, where feeling lingered,
His form was sure to glide,
And in the lone night watches
Twined ever by my side.

He came; but as the blossom
Its petals closes up,
And hides them from the tempest
Within its sheltering cup,
So he his spirit gathered
Back to his frightened breast,
And passed from earth's grim threshold,
To be the Saviour's guest.

My boy—ah! me, the sweetness,
The anguish of that word—
My boy, when in strange night dreams
My slumbering soul is stirred,
When music floats around me,
When soft lips touch my brow,
And whisper gentle greetings,
O, tell me, is it thou?

I know by one sweet token
My Charlie is not dead;
One golden clue he left me,
And on his track he sped.
Were he some gem or blossom,
But fashioned for to-day,
My love would slowly perish
With his dissolving clay.

O, by this deathless yearning
Which is not idly given,
By the delicious nearness
My spirit feels to heaven;
By dreams that throng my night sleep,
By visions of the day,
By whispers when I'm erring,
By promptings when I pray—
I know this life so cherished,
Which sprang beneath my heart,
Which formed of my own being
So beautiful a part—
This precious winsome creature,
My undivided, voiceless dove,
Life now a scarp's pinion,
And warbles lays of love.

O, I would not recall thee,
My glorious angel boy—
Thou needest not my bosom,
Bare bird of life and joy;
Here dash I down the tear-drops
Still gushing in my eyes,
Blest, O, how blest! is aiding
A scarp to the skies.

Much is said by the press about the manner in which Barnum has been humbugged with the "Fire Annihilator." The press itself has been humbugged quite extensively into puffing it. This is a weakness of the press generally. If it were to refuse at least all gratuitous trumpet-blowing for the promotion of private interests, the public would not be so often duped.

GREAT KNITTING MACHINE.—The newspapers state that there is a knitting-machine in operation in Philadelphia, which knits three hundred and eighty stitches at each turn of a small crank, which crank may be easily turned by hand from one hundred to one hundred and fifty revolutions per minute, making from forty to sixty thousand stitches per minute, or at the rate of about three million per hour.

FATAL FALL ON THE ICE.—Col. Abraham Williams, aged sixty-five years, formerly a leading merchant of Newburyport, slipped and fell on the icy sidewalk in that city a few days since, and, striking on the back of his head, died in five minutes.

The trial of Willis vs. Forrest, for assault and battery, in New York, is set down for Monday next.

BE PATIENT.

BY MARY IRVING.

CHAPTER II.

There is a pleasant manufacturing village, not many miles from the old mansion that was Anne K.'s home. A miniature river, the merry S—, tumbles musically among the rocks, that seem to have been flung into its channel by some "old man of the mountains," till it finally cleaves the ledge, and bounding over a grescent precipice of solid granite, almost loses itself among the boulders and mossy islets beneath. The banks below are two steep, solid masses of ragged rock, over whose edges nod scrub oaks and whortleberry bushes. At this day, you would be dazzled by the glare of high, red walls above them; for the manufacturing interest has planted its foot firmly there, and the rude water-wheels of a utilitarian age whirl in the very arms of the beautiful crescent cascade. But forty years ago, before Art had discovered the spot, Nature was there alone. To be sure, there was a little "settlement"—a village, if a tavern, store, and post-office, might be allowed their customary prerogative of constituting a village. But the few houses beside were scattered so widely about, and the place was so innocent of all parade or enterprise, that it scarcely seemed roused from the simplicity of its primitive woods.

It was November—the month that opens most brilliantly on the New England hills, but, long ere departing, rends its robe of richness asunder, and scatters its myriad fragments to the northeastern winds. The hectic of the forest had already given place to the decay it too surely boded. Softly the Indian summer had whispered to the few, lingering, dying flowers the hope of a glad waking beneath a brighter sky, and flown to his prairie-nook in the sheltered "West."

It was the dismal afternoon of a stormy day; cloud-caps, heavy with mist, hung gloomily on every hill-top, and the shifting winds, moaning and whooping through the valley gorges, drove battalions of watery spectres hither and thither at their will. Damp, chill, and cheerless, the night was coming on, hard on the steps of noon-day. A rude blast than usual dashed the honeysuckle vine against the small, square window of the dingy little post office on the hill-side, and startled the bald-headed postmaster from puzzling over the last month's register. He looked up, peered out and about, and then thrust his stump of a quill behind his right ear to muse.

"I hope she won't come to-day," he began, half to himself, half to his help-meet, who sat in the lightest corner of the office, turning a monotonous flax-wheel with her busy foot. "I hope she won't come through all this driving storm for nothing." "What's that? Who?" asked his wife, but half comprehending. "Who but Major K.'s Anne—she that has come every living day to this counter, for two months, as regular as the mail-bag. It's all the same to her, it seems, rain or shine; and I'm afraid it'll be all the same for many a day, more's the pity!"

"Heaven help the poor, young thing," replied his wife; "it's some trouble that's wearing upon her heart like, ye may be sure, John. Bless ye, she come driving through the storm to-day, and she so pale and ailing! Ye needn't keep a looking." "Hush, you! it's her own self," whispered the old man, deprecatingly, as a hoof-fall struck on his ear; and in a moment a bay pony, with its rider, dashed down past the little window, its drenched mane dripping to the grass. "Too bad!" the good man exclaimed, starting from his high stool—"I'll meet her at the door, poor thing, that she needn't light in all this mud."

But before he could hobble half-way to the door, it was thrown open, and a burst of cold storm-drops ushered in Anne K. Was it she, with cheeks so pale and sunken from their summer beauty, with those large, unnaturally lustrous eyes, each of which, in that moment, seemed in itself a whole world of souls! Truly, a strange spell had shaken her in its grasp!

She stood one instant upon the sill, clenching her gathered-up riding-dress more nervously in her gloveless hand, as if she would ask, by look rather than by voice, the question that had cost her so much agony. The long filaments of her soaked plume swung forward as she bent her head, brushing her colorless forehead and cheek. She nerved herself tremulously to the effort—her heart told her that it was a last effort!

"Any letter for me to-day?" The words were spoken with forced, husky calmness. The postmaster turned his head to one side, avoiding the glance that shot a pang of pity through his heart, and answered with involuntarily assumed indifference—
"No!"

He had said it more than fifty times, with those great eyes looking into his, growing larger and wilder at each denial; and he did not like to say it again. His wife saw a quick spasm convulse the girl's lips and eye, as she suddenly pressed her hand against her heart. "Are ye ill, Miss K.—?" she exclaimed, rising. "Sit ye down, do. Let me bring ye some warm water. It's sorry getting out this weather, specially for such a weakly body. I wonder yer folks didn't send. Come in, do."

Annie was herself again, at the last word of this harangue.

"No," she replied, clearly, and without another word, turned to go. When she first used to come in the later summer days, the lame postmaster had been accustomed to limp to the door-step, and take the rein of her pony, while the old lady came out with a "cricket," as she called it, to assist her in mounting. Anne would smile abstractedly, but graciously, sometimes stopping to exchange a few words with the kind man, or, suffering the good woman to insert a sprig of evergreen, or of tansy, over the ears of her pony, whom she characterized as "the darlingest grown-up colt that ever ye see!" Latterly, she had refused the foot-stool, and spurned the offered hand-gear, much to the dame's chagrin; but she had suffered the post-man still to act the part of groom. To-night, however, she caught the wet rein in her own hands, and sprang into the saddle unassisted.

"Take care, Miss!" vociferated the old man from the doorway, where his few gray locks were whistling in the blast; for the pony, startled by the suddenness of the shock, himself sprang back, and nearly cut the acquaintance of his mistress. She smiled a proud, bitter smile, and dropping her wet plume over her forehead again, she drew up the bridle-reins quickly, and dashed on down the hill.

"I declare!" soliloquized the postmaster, gazing through the mist after her, "right 't'her way from home. I do believe the gal's crazy." "Man alive!" shouted his wife, above the roaring of the gusts, "ye're catching yer death

o' rheumatiz out there, let alone the beating in of the rain on the floor I just mopped. Come away, there."

"Well, I wonder!" added her obedient spouse, hobbling back to his three-legged stool of office.

Anne galloped down the hill, face to face with the tempest. Oh, there was a wilder storm within her surging breast! The black clouds sunk over her like a pall, and the mist-goblins shrieked and raved about her, shutting her in from human sight. Once she dropped the reins to the neck of her horse, and, clasping her cold hands, pressed them against her seared eye-balls, as though to bar out some terrible sight.

"Oblivion or death!" she groaned, vehemently. But oblivion never yet came at the cry of the despairing. Then she grew stronger, as it seemed, for she threw back her tangled hair, tossed back her crushed hat, and laid bare her forehead to the pelting of the storm. She had laughed a low, shuddering laugh, as the icy drops trickled upon her fever-hot eyes.

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Anne had placed a mortal on the shrine of her Maker—the creature on the throne of the Creator. Not content to give the unselfish, unutterable love of a woman's heart, she had poured on the altar of her idol that "sacred oil" of worship and adoration that is not with impunity withheld from Heaven. She had concentrated the universe into one point—and where was her universe now? Where was her idol-shrine?

"The store" of the country for miles around, with its much be-chalked sign of "fish, flannel, flour, dry goods, groceries," and a dozen other indispensabilities, stood just on the rocky bank, fronting the crescent fall, whose foam-wreaths now dashed against its back wall. It was kept by an older brother of Anne. The bay pony, by force of habit, slackened his pace before the plank platform. Anne looked about her in momentary bewilderment; then suddenly checking him, she threw herself from his back, and dropped the bridle to the ground.

The little building shook with the strife of clouds and river mist, that seemed rushing to close combat beneath its foundations, when Anne stepped over the threshold. It was dusk within, unlighted for want of customers. Anne's brother started forward from his desk, in surprise, at the sound of a step, and brushed against his sister before she was aware of his presence.

"What are you about, Anne?" exclaimed he, catching her roughly by the arm; "Girl! I believe you are beside yourself! Drenched and dripping—a sight to behold! and you were half dead before! What, in the name of the four elements, sent you out on such a night?" "I came," answered Anne, confusedly, and rather incoherently, "I came—the children wanted some gingerbread, and I—"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed her brother, thoroughly provoked at her rashness and heedlessness. "This is all of a piece with your woman-caprices. Go home immediately, and tell mother that I will carry you to the Insane Retreat, to keep you out of your coffin, if she does not bolt you into your room, out of the reach of fire and water! There, there, go! don't wait to catch your death cold! As if I could not bring that foolish gingerbread! Childish! there! go!"

How little he knew where our harsh words are falling, when they drop bitterly from our lips! Ah! there are wounds that cannot be healed in time—nor yet in eternity!

Would he not speak one kind, brotherly word to that anguished sister? If he had looked into her haggard, despairing face, perhaps he would not have turned away so abruptly as he did after this tirade, and hidden himself again behind the high front of his counting-desk, assured by the patter of the pony's feet upon the pebbles, that he had taken the homeward road.

Home the faithful pony went, after waiting his time for his rider; but Anne did not go with him. She only shrunk back into the shade, until all was still again. Then she glided, like a guilty thing, noiselessly through a long dark passage, to the back door of the shop. She lifted its latch carefully, and went out into the gathering night.

Wild warfare was beneath her! Billows of mist rolled and swayed hither and thither in the abyss, and where they parted for a moment, the inky waters appeared, lashing the trembling rocks with mad turbulence.

There was no eye but the eye of Omnipresence, to look upon the passion-blinded girl, and to that she looked not up. Where was her guardian angel to whisper, "Wait, wait! be patient?" It was the hour of darkness, and of fierce fiends, who fanned the storm in her soul, so faintly emblazoned by the elemental raging without. That soul sent up its agonized cry for forgetfulness, for rest, for peace!

"Death is an eternal sleep," her mother had taught her. Alas! that a mother's words should ever come between the young heart and Heaven!

An hour went by. Anne's brother buttoned his storm-proof overcoat around him, locked his store, and leading his horse from a near stable, took his way homeward. He was met at the door by his sister and mother, who faced the storm-blast with countenances of consternation.

"Anne! where is Anne, Charles?" exclaimed Mrs. K.

"Anne! foolish girl! I sent her home an hour ago!"

"No! she is not here! Her pony came! Oh, my child! where is she?"

"Why did you let the girl go out this terrible day?" asked the alarmed brother.

"I never knew it! Charles, go, be quick! Oh, if her father was here!"

Charles K. seized a lantern, and rushed out. That night, over all the thunder of the storm, arose the swell of human voices, the shouts of neighbors and friends, who went forth fearlessly to seek the lost one.

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CITY COUNCILS.

CORPORATION OF WASHINGTON.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

Monday, December 22, 1851.

Present: Messrs. Dove, Magruder, Bayly, Wilson, Towers, Burrows, Sweeney, Maury, French, (President.) Wirt, Thornley, Gordon, Morgan, and Page.

Messrs. Dove, Towers, and Maury out of the city on Monday last.

Mr. Gordon moved that the Board reconsider the vote by which was rejected on Monday last the resolution from the Board of Common Council in relation to Tiber creek.

The resolution having been returned to the Board of Common Council, it was, on motion of Mr. Gordon,

Resolved, That the Board of Common Council be requested to return the same to this Board.

Mr. BAYLY presented the petition of E. A. Marshall, in relation to the amount of license paid by the National Theatre; which was referred to the Committee on Claims.

Mr. BAYLY presented a petition from Arthur Wise for the remission of a fine; which was referred to the Committee on Claims.

On motion of Mr. WIRT, the Board resumed the consideration of the nomination of Dennis Callaghan as police officer of the Fifth Ward. The nomination being under consideration,

Mr. FRENCH (President) presented a petition, signed by between one and two hundred citizens of the Fifth Ward, in favor of the confirmation of the nomination. He also read a petition addressed to the Mayor, signed by about two hundred citizens of the said Ward, asking the appointment of J. M. Bushner as police constable.